



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP...TOPS in THRILLS!



MARCH
No 16

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

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BOYS - GIRLS
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NOW

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Our 56th Year

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OUR 56th YEAR

GIVEN - Premiums - Cash

56th YEAR



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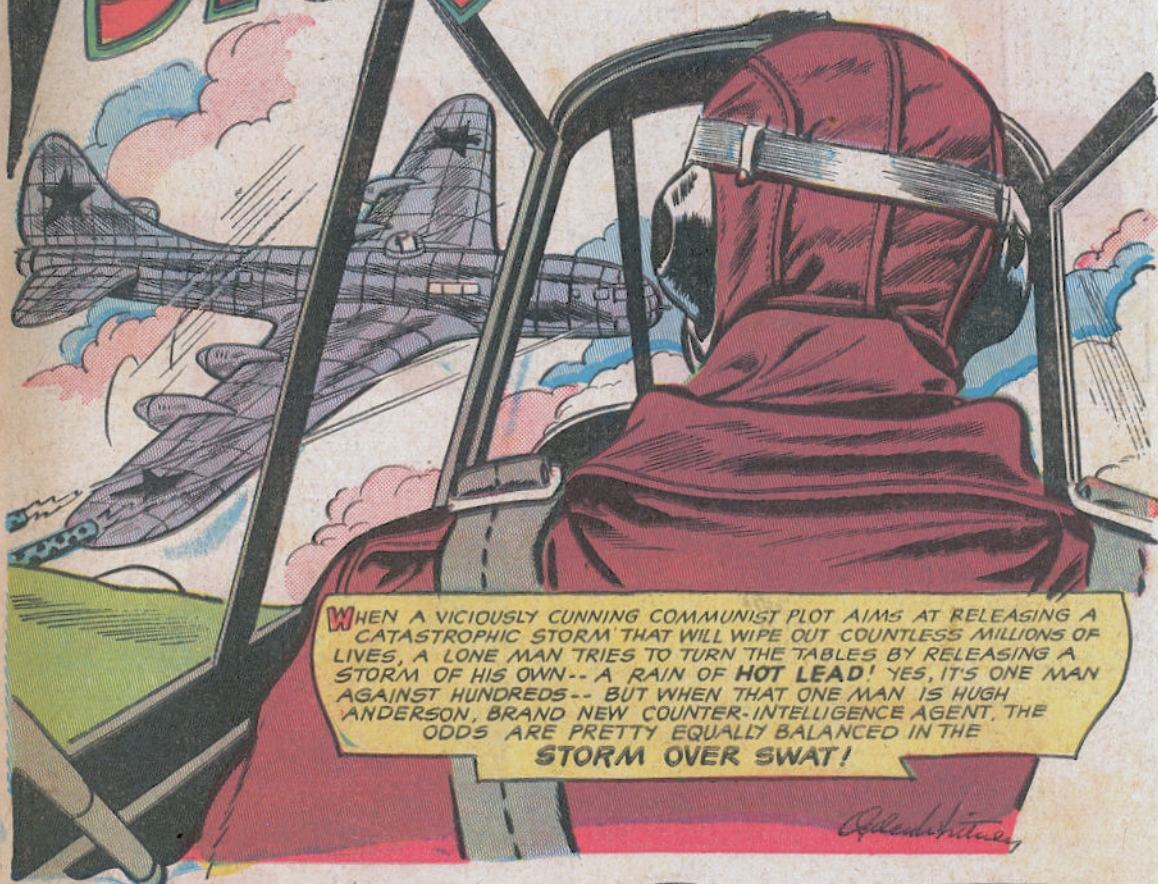
MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. R.D. Box.....
Town No. State.....
Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

STORM OVER SWAT



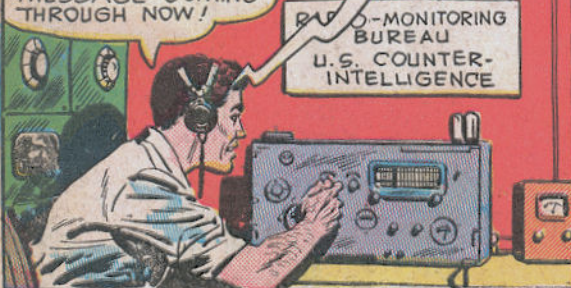
WHEN A VICIOUSLY CUNNING COMMUNIST PLOT AIMS AT RELEASING A CATASTROPHIC STORM THAT WILL WIPE OUT COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF LIVES, A LONE MAN TRIES TO TURN THE TABLES BY RELEASING A STORM OF HIS OWN-- A RAIN OF HOT LEAD! YES, IT'S ONE MAN AGAINST HUNDREDS-- BUT WHEN THAT ONE MAN IS HUGH ANDERSON, BRAND NEW COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT, THE ODDS ARE PRETTY EQUALLY BALANCED IN THE STORM OVER SWAT!

Adrian Titmer

THIS SURE IS A DULL ASSIGNMENT, KEEPING MY EARS GLUED TO THE SHORT-WAVE FREQUENCY THAT THE SOVIETS USE TO CONTACT THEIR RED AGENTS HERE IN THE U.S. -- NOTHING AT ALL HAS COME THROUGH ALL MORNING! WAIT-- THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING THROUGH NOW!

ATTENTION-- OPERATION BABE RUTH! ALL EQUIPMENT IS IN READINESS-- CONTACT OBJECTIVE, AND IF HE REFUSES TO ACCOMPANY YOU, SEIZE HIS DAUGHTER AS A HOSTAGE! YOU MUST BRING OBJECTIVE TO BABE RUTH AT ALL COSTS!

RADIO-MONITORING BUREAU
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HUH? HOW CAN THEY BRING ANYONE TO BABE RUTH WHEN HE'S DEAD? I SURE CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OUT OF THAT MESSAGE! I'M JUST WASTING MY TIME HERE-- I DON'T SEE WHY ALL NEW COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENTS HAVE TO GO THROUGH A MONTHS DUTY LISTENING TO SUCH NONSENSE! I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE SECRET SERVICE BECAUSE I WANTED ACTION-- AND I'D BETTER GET IT SOON, OR I'LL GO LOCO!



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NEXT MORNING...

YOU SENT FOR ME, CHIEF?

YES, ANDERSON-- I'M TAKING YOU OFF RADIO-MONITORING DUTY AND GIVING YOU A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT! I'M RATHER SHORT OF MEN, AND ALL MY OTHER EXPERIENCED AGENTS ARE OUT ON OTHER JOBS! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET DR. JONATHAN BRAND, THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORITY ON ARTIFICIAL RAIN-MAKING! DR. BRAND, THIS IS HUGH ANDERSON, ONE OF MY NEW AGENTS! WILL YOU TELL HIM WHAT YOU TOLD ME, PLEASE?

WELL, LATE LAST NIGHT A COUPLE OF SLAVIC-LOOKING MEN PAID ME A VISIT AND OFFERED ME \$100,000 TO ACCOMPANY THEM TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY FOR SOME RAIN-MAKING EXPERIMENTS! I WAS IMMEDIATELY SUSPICIOUS AT SUCH A VAST SUM, AND REFUSED TO GO! THEY LEFT, AFTER MUTTERING THREATS AGAINST ME AND MY FAMILY UNLESS I DID AS THEY SAID!

AND NOW IT'S YOUR CASE, ANDERSON! YOU'LL BE THE PROFESSOR'S BODYGUARD-- IN CASE THOSE BIRDS RETURN!

I'VE READ A LOT ABOUT THIS ARTIFICIAL RAIN-MAKING. PROFESSOR-- IS IT REALLY AS COMPLICATED AS THEY SAY?

IT'S EXCEEDINGLY COMPLICATED, MR. ANDERSON! IF YOU SEED CLOUDS WITH TOO LITTLE SILVER IODIDE, YOU GET NO RESULTS-- WHILE TOO MUCH SILVER IODIDE CAUSES DROUGHT INSTEAD OF RAIN! SO YOU CAN SEE IT TAKES A MOST EXPERIENCED MAN TO WAGE A REALLY EFFECTIVE RAIN-MAKING CAMPAIGN!... AH, THERE'S MY HOUSE-- ON THE CORNER!

GOOD HEAVENS-- THAT'S MY DAUGHTER, ELLEN-- THOSE MEN ARE KIDNAPING HER!

LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO GET THAT ACTION I WAS ITCHING FOR!

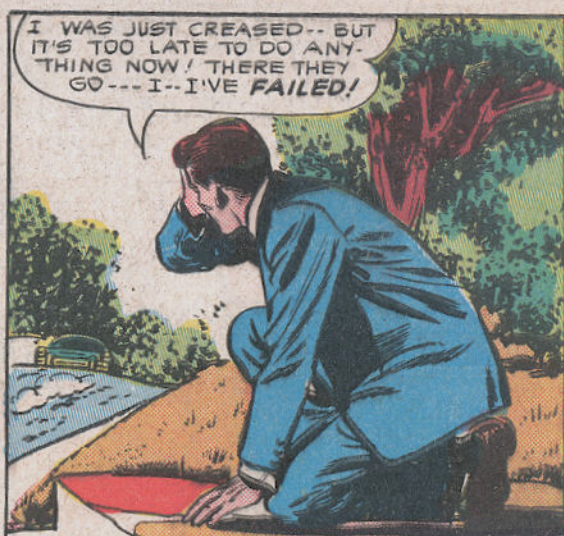


CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON USING MY GUN-- A STRAY SHOT MIGHT HIT THE GIRL!

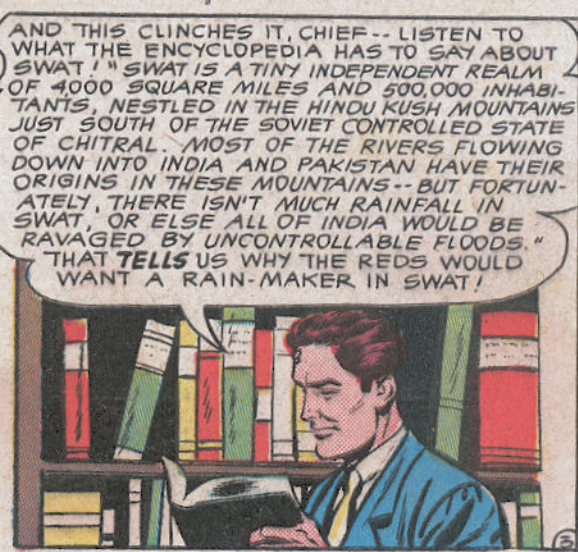
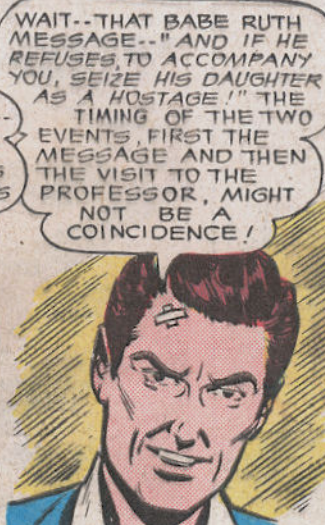
YOU MAY BE AFRAID TO USE YOUR GUN-- BUT WE'RE NOT!

OH!!





LATER...



I CAN SEE THE WHOLE PLOT NOW! IF THE REDS CAN CAUSE HEAVY RAINS IN SWAT, THE RESULTING FLOODS IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN WOULD BRING ABOUT FAMINE! THERE WOULD BE REVOLUTION-- AND THE REDS WOULD WELCOME THE CHANCE IT WOULD GIVE THEM TO SEIZE CONTROL OF ALL INDIA AND PAKISTAN!



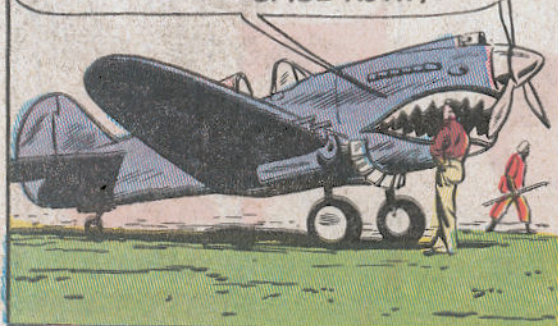
GIVE ME A CHANCE TO BUST UP THEIR PLOT, CHIEF--AND REDEEM MYSELF! LET ME HAVE THE SERVICES OF A PLANE IN INDIA-- AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!

THAT WAS A BRILLIANT PIECE OF LOGICAL DEDUCTION, ANDERSON! AND NOW I'LL LET YOU PROVE YOU CAN FIGHT AS WELL AS THINK! I'LL HAVE YOU FLOWN TO NORTHERN INDIA, AND ARRANGE FOR YOU TO USE AN OLD FLYING-TIGER PLANE LEFT OVER THERE FROM THE LAST WAR! I'LL ALSO SEE TO IT THAT THE HINDU AND PAKISTANI GOVERNMENTS GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED-- SO GOOD HUNTING!



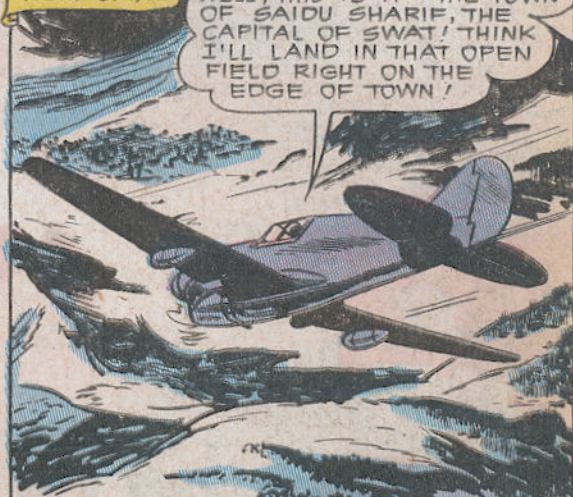
THREE DAYS LATER, AT AN AIRPORT IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA...

SHE SURE IS A BEAT-UP OLD CRATE, BUT I FLEW WORSE ONES IN THE LAST WAR! I'LL JUST TUNE UP THE ENGINE, STRAP A COUPLE OF EMERGENCY GAS TANKS TO THE WINGS, LOAD UP WITH MACHINE-GUN AMMO-- AND TAKE OFF FOR **BABE RUTH!**



NEXT DAY...

WELL, THIS IS IT-- THE TOWN OF SAIDU SHARIF, THE CAPITAL OF SWAT! THINK I'LL LAND IN THAT OPEN FIELD RIGHT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN!



RUN--A TIGER DEVIL FROM THE SKY!

THE HINDU OFFICIALS AT THE AIRPORT TOLD ME THAT THE WALI, OR RULER OF SWAT, IS VERY FRIENDLY TO AMERICANS-- SO I DON'T SUPPOSE HE'LL BE AS TERRIFIED OF ME AS THESE POOR NATIVES ARE!



IN THE WALI'S PALACE...

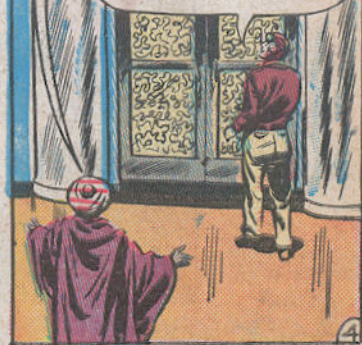
WELCOME, O AMERICAN! WHAT IS YOUR MISSION AMONG MY PEOPLE?

I COME, O VENERABLE WALI, TO PREVENT A SERIES OF DISASTROUS RAINS IN YOUR COUNTRY!

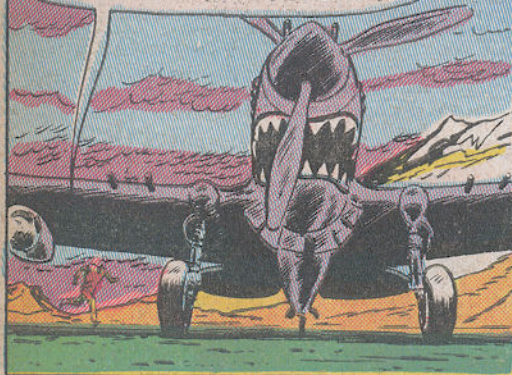


RAINS? WE NEVER HAVE HEAVY RAINS HERE! CLOUDS, YES-- BUT RAINS, NO!

OH, NO? I HEAR AN AIRPLANE ENGINE ABOVE-- AND IF IT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS, YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR **UMBRELLAS OUT!**

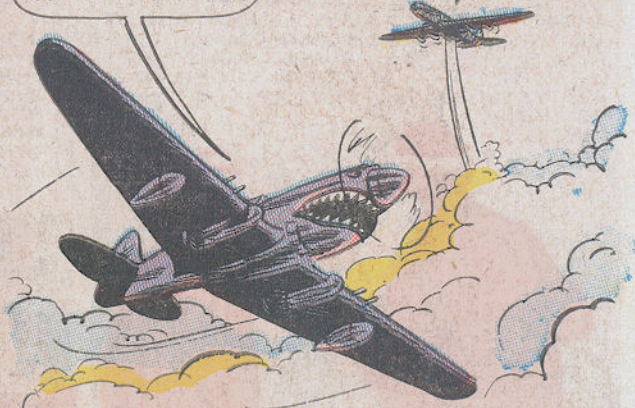


I CAN'T SEE IT THROUGH THESE HEAVY CLOUDS, BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE A FOUR-ENGINE PLANE -- AND I'LL BET MY BOTTOM RUPEE ITS MARKED WITH A **RED STAR!** A POURING RAIN WILL PROBABLY START PRETTY SOON -- UNLESS I GET UP THERE AND **START POURING LEAD!**

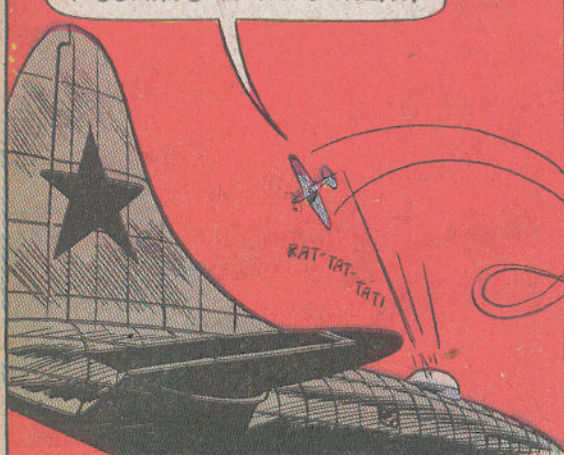


I WAS RIGHT! THAT RED PLANE IS SEEDING THE CLOUDS. PROBABLY WITH SILVER IODIDE PARTICLES!

LOOK, COMRADES -- AN AMERICAN PLANE! SHOOT IT DOWN!



I'M GLAD THEY STARTED FIRING AT ME FIRST -- NOW I'M WITHIN MY RIGHTS IN **POURING IT INTO THEM!**



OUR CANNON ARE USELESS AGAINST HIM -- HIS MANEUVERS ARE TOO FAST AND TRICKY! AND HE'S FIRING AT OUR UNDERSIDE WHERE WE HAVE NO GUN TURRETS -- WE'LL BE SHOT TO PIECES IN ANOTHER FEW MINUTES!

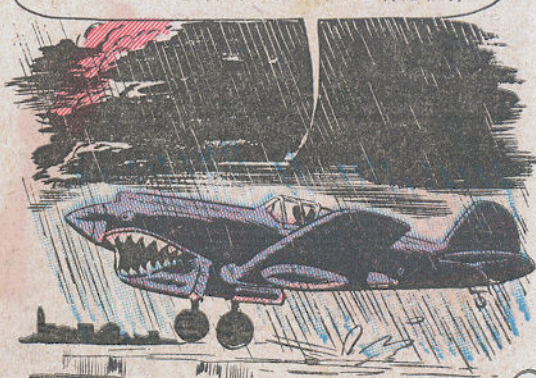
QUICKLY -- GET ON HIS RADIO FREQUENCY, AND I'LL FORCE THE PROFESSOR TO SPEAK TO HIM! -- IF YOU DON'T, PROFESSOR, YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOUR DAUGHTER!



CALLING AMERICAN FLYING-TIGER PLANE -- THIS IS PROFESSOR JONATHAN BRAND SPEAKING! I'M ABOARD THE PLANE YOU'RE FIRING AT -- IF YOU SHOOT IT DOWN, YOU'LL SHOOT ME DOWN WITH IT!

GREAT SCOTT -- THAT IS THE PROFESSOR'S VOICE! I DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE! ALL I CAN DO IS LAND -- AND LET THEM GO ON WITH THEIR RAIN-MAKING!

WHEW, I LANDED JUST IN TIME -- BEFORE MY GAS GAVE OUT -- AND BEFORE THE RAIN COMPLETELY OBSCURED THE VISIBILITY! NOW I'M **HELPLESS** TO STOP THE REDS FROM KEEPING UP THEIR RAIN-MAKING -- AND FROM DESTROYING ALL INDIA!



AS THE RAIN CONTINUES WITHOUT LETUP.

I'VE GOT TO STOP THESE RAINS-- AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT! I'LL NEED SOME MATERIALS FROM INDIA, BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY GAS TO GET THERE! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SEND A RUNNER WITH A MESSAGE OVER THE MOUNTAINS TO INDIA, 'WALI?

I WILL USE A **HUNDRED** RUNNERS-- WITH A FRESH RUNNER RELIEVING THE PREVIOUS ONE AT EACH SETTLEMENT!

DAY AFTER DAY, THE RAINS POUR DOWN OVER THE LAND OF SWAT-- WHILE THE SWATI RELAY RUNNERS BEARING THE MESSAGE TO INDIA ARE DELAYED TIME AFTER TIME BY STREAMS AND RIVERS THAT HAVE BECOME RAGING TORRENTS! AND ALL OVER THE WORLD, MEN OF GOOD WILL HEAR THE NEWS OF IMPENDING FLOODS IN INDIA AND PAKISTAN-- AND PRAY THAT THE DISASTER WILL BE AVERTED-- SOMEHOW!

THERE'S BAD NEWS TONIGHT! AFTER A WEEK OF TORRENTIAL RAINS ON THE NORTHERN BORDER OF INDIA, THE INDUS RIVER AND ALL ITS TRIBUTARIES ARE ON THE RAMPAGE! FLOODS THREATEN TO KILL MILLIONS AS THE RICH FOOD PRODUCING AREAS ARE INUNDATED!

IT'S ALL UP TO YOU, ANDERSON-- COME THROUGH!

FINALLY...

IT'S A FLEET OF TRANSPORT PLANES, COMING FROM THE SOUTH-- FROM **INDIA!** THE MESSENGERS MUST HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH-- AND HERE COMES THE EQUIPMENT I ASKED FOR!

AH, HERE ARE THE SILVER IODIDE SMOKE GENERATORS! AS SOON AS I GET THESE STREWN ALL AROUND, ALL POURING OUT SMOKE, THOSE REDS UP THERE IN THAT RAIN-MAKING PLANE WILL BE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!

AS THICK COLUMNS OF SMOKE RISE UP FROM THE SMOKE POTS INTO THE SKY...

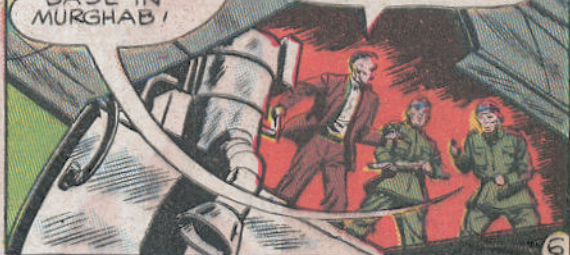
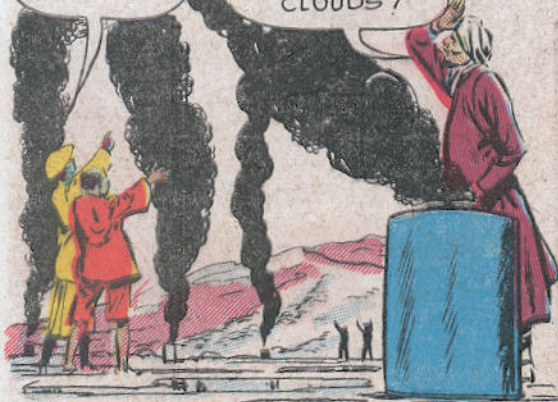
THE RAIN-- IT HAS STOPPED!

ALL THE AMERICAN'S MAGIC SMOKE HAS DRIED UP THE CLOUDS!

WHILE UP ABOVE...

THE RAIN HAS STOPPED! YOU MUST HAVE SABOTAGED THE RAIN-SEEDING, PROFESSOR! AND YOU'LL EITHER MAKE THE RAIN START AGAIN-- OR YOUR DAUGHTER WILL SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR BASE IN MURGHAB!

IT'S NONE OF MY DOING! SOMEONE BELOW MUST BE SENDING UP SILVER IODIDE SMOKE-- AND THAT, ADDED TO THE IODIDE WE'VE BEEN DROPPING, PRODUCES TOO GREAT A CONCENTRATION, AND CAUSES THE CLOUDS TO RETAIN THEIR MOISTURE!



LATER, AT COMMUNIST HEADQUARTERS
IN MURGHAB...

...YES, GENERAL.
IT MUST BE THAT
AMERICAN WHO
IS SENDING UP
THE SILVER
IODIDE SMOKE!
I RETURNED
IMMEDIATELY
TO REQUEST
PERMISSION
TO **BOMB**
THE AREA
FROM WHICH
THE SMOKE
RISES!

FOOL, HE PROBABLY HAS
THE SMOKE GENERATORS
SCATTERED OVER A
WIDE AREA-- IT WOULD
BE IMPOSSIBLE TO BOMB
THEM ALL OUT OF EXIST-
ENCE! WELL JUST HAVE
TO SEND A COUPLE OF
PLANE LOADS OF OUR
TROOPS INTO SWAT TO
DESTROY THE GENERATOR
AND KILL THE
AMERICAN!

THE SWATIS WILL BE NO MATCH
FOR US-- THERE'S SCARCELY A
HANDFUL OF RIFLES IN THE
WHOLE COUNTRY! BUT JUST
IN CASE THE AMERICAN HAS
ANY MORE TRICKS UP HIS
SLEEVE, TAKE ALONG THE
PROFESSOR AND HIS
DAUGHTER-- YOU CAN
THREATEN TO KILL THEM
UNLESS HE
SURRENDERS!



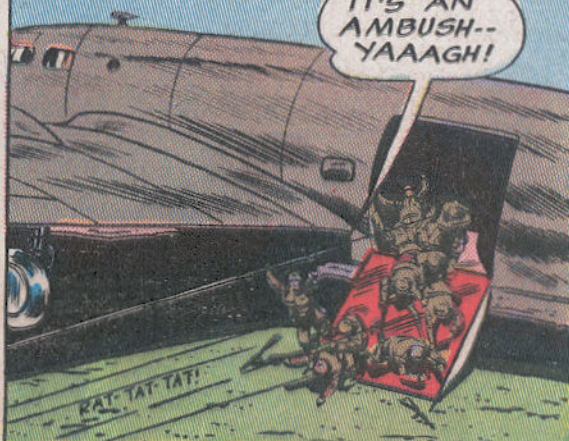
NEXT
DAY...

HA, I KNEW THEY'D HAVE TO LAND
TROOPS HERE TO DESTROY MY
SMOKE GENERATORS! BUT THEY
DON'T KNOW I'M READY FOR 'EM--
WITH ARMS DROPPED BY THOSE
PLANES FROM INDIA! AND
PROPERLY ARMED, THESE SWATI
NATIVES ARE AMONG THE BEST
FIGHTING MEN IN THE WORLD--
AS THE REDS WILL SOON
FIND OUT!



AS THE RED TROOPS POUR OUT
OF THEIR PLANES...

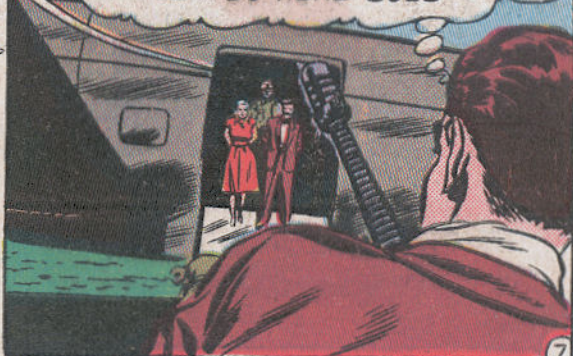
IT'S AN
AMBUSH--
YAAAAGH!

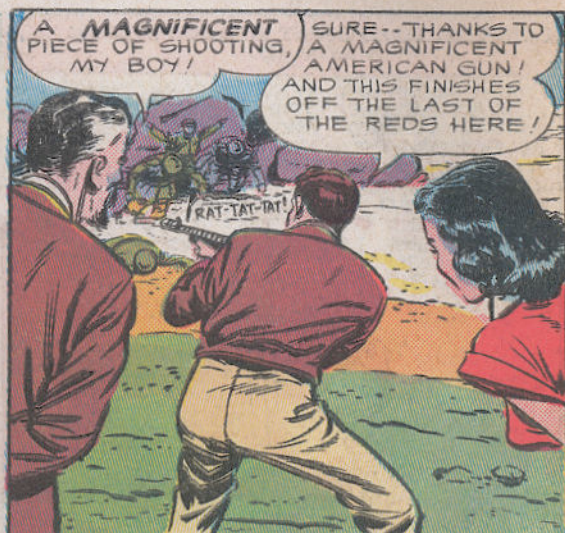
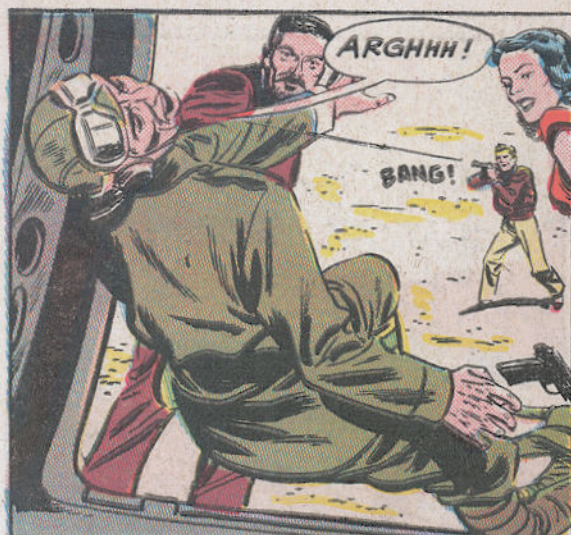


HOW ABOUT EATING A
COUPLE OF AMERICAN
GRENADES FOR
DESERT, RATS?

STOP,
AMERICAN!
SURRENDER--
OR I SHOOT
YOUR TWO
COMPATRIOTS!

HE THINKS I WOULDN'T DARE FIRE A
TOMMY-GUN BURST AT HIM AS LONG
AS HE'S BEHIND THE PROFESSOR
AND ELLEN-- AND HE'S RIGHT! BUT
THE THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN
CAN ALSO BE SWITCHED TO FIRE
SINGLE ROUNDS-- WITH THE
ACCURACY OF A SHARPSHOOTER'S
RIFLE! SO HERE GOES---





IF I'VE HELPED ALONG THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY-- THAT'S REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME!

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Jeopardy IN GERMANY

GIL FLEMING, ACE U. S. Counter-Espionage agent, knew that within a few minutes the Communist police and their blood-hounds would be in hot pursuit of him. And there was no way of concealing his trail across the muddy fields. Yup, he was in trouble, all right...up to his boot-tops!

Barely half an hour ago, Gil had caught up with the German Communist spy who had stolen the Allied plans for the defense of Western Germany. The spy had killed the courier carrying the plans... and then had made his escape back across the border into the safety of Eastern Germany, controlled by the Reds.

But he hadn't been completely safe in Communist territory...for Gil, disguised as a German peasant and armed with a knife and a description of the spy, had tracked him across the border and finally caught up with him. There had been a bitter struggle to the death in the rye fields...a struggle in which Gil had been victorious. Then, with the stolen plans in his pocket, Gil had fled toward the border and the safety of Western Germany.

On a high, wooded hill, Gil had paused to look back...and had seen the excited patrol of Red police bending over the body of the dead spy in the fields. The leader gesticulated wildly, a few of the Reds ran hastily back towards the nearby village...and Gil knew they had gone for blood-hounds to track him down.

Gil had seen enough...and turned to plunge down the hill toward the border three miles away. He'd heard enough about the ferocious, man-eating blood-hounds trained by the Reds to know that his chances of making it to the border alive were practically nil. For once the Communists put their blood-hounds on a suspect's trail, they immediately

released them...and let them race ahead unleashed at a speed far greater than a man could run. And almost always, by the time the Reds caught up with their dogs, they would find the suspect virtually torn to death by the vicious fangs of hounds that were trained to kill.

And since Gil still had some three miles to go over rough terrain, he knew the dogs would catch up to him before he reached the border...unless...*WAIT!* There was a Red guard just beyond that thicket!

Holding his breath, Gil cautiously stooped to pick up a heavy stone from the fields. Just then, blood-hounds started baying in the distance behind him...and as the Red guard turned at the sound, Gil struck. The guard toppled to the ground soundlessly, out cold.

Swiftly, with the increasing clamor of the hounds in his ears, Gil changed boots and clothes with the guard...and then marched toward the border in the Red uniform, leaving the unconscious guard behind him in the fields.

Ten minutes later, Gil heard the baying sound of hounds on a trail change to the blood-thirsty yelps of man-killing beasts that had found their victim. Gil shuddered as he imagined the job the hounds were doing on the Red guard...but he knew it was merely fate that had befallen many an honest German who had refused to knuckle under to the Communists.

Later, at the border, the Communist police were astonished to see one of their own guards leap over the wooden barrier and surrender to the Allied military police on the other side...and even more surprised to hear the traitorous guard shout out, "Hold your fire, boys! It's just Gil Fleming, back from the wars with the bacon!"

BLOWUP in the BERING SEA



THE BERING SEA, NARROW WATERWAY BETWEEN THE ALASKAN AND SIBERIAN COASTS, IS NOT MUCH OF A BARRIER FOR A CUNNING ENEMY WHO WISHES TO CONQUER ALL OF ALASKA AND NORTH AMERICA! BUT IT PROVES TO BE AN ICY TRAP WHEN U.S. COUNTER-ESPIONAGE AGENT KEN SATTERLEE GOES ON AN ARCTIC BEAR HUNT...AND BAGS A PASSAGE OF TWO-LEGGED BEARS!

I KNOW YOU'RE DUE TO START ON YOUR VACATION NEXT WEEK, KEN...HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEND IT GOING **BEAR HUNTING** NEAR ALASKA?

ON GOVERNMENT MONEY? **GREAT!** WHAT KIND OF BEARS, CHIEF...GRIZZLY OR KODIAK?



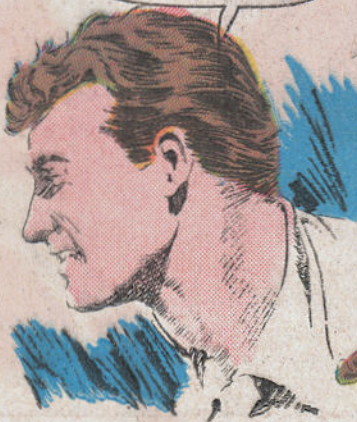
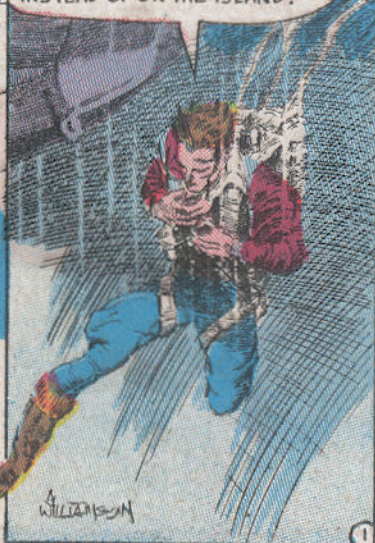
THE TWO-LEGGED **SOVIET** KIND! YOU SEE, KEN, THE ALASKAN WILD-LIFE COMMISSION ESTABLISHED AN ISLAND SANCTUARY LAST YEAR FOR KODIAK BEARS, WHICH SEEM TO BE FAST DYING OFF...AND THEY PICKED 100-MILE-LONG ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND IN THE BERING SEA, BARELY 50 MILES FROM THE SIBERIAN COAST! BUT THE BEARS HAVE BEEN DISAPPEARING EVEN FASTER OFF THE ISLAND! THAT MEANS SOMEONE IS SLIPPING THROUGH OUR NAVY PATROL, KILLING THE BEARS, AND FLEEING WITH THE MEAT!

AND SINCE WE'VE HAD REPORTS OF COMMUNIST AGENTS BEING IN THE AREA, I'VE BEEN ASKED TO SEND MY ACE TROUBLE-SHOOTER OUT THERE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON AND WHY...AND THAT MEANS **YOU, KEN!**

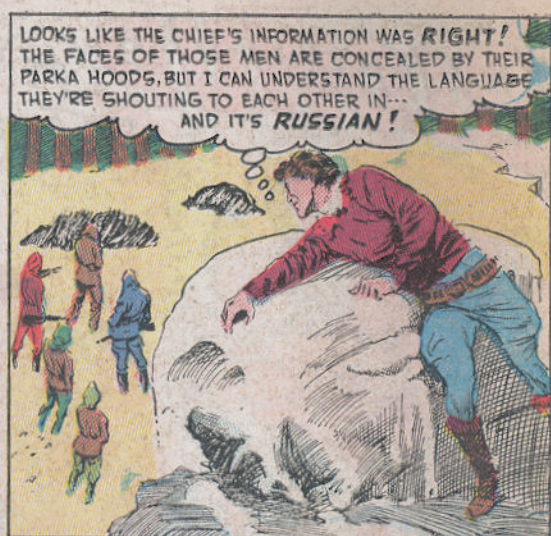
OKAY, CHIEF...I CAN SEE THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE MUCH OF A VACATION...BUT ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, **HERE I COME!**

THREE DAYS LATER, OVER THE FOG-SHROUDED BERING SEA...

CAN'T SEE A THING THROUGH THIS ARCTIC PEA-SOUP! I SURE HOPE THAT NAVY PILOT HAD HIS LATITUDES AND LONGITUDES STRAIGHT, OR ELSE I'LL BE LANDING IN THE DRINK INSTEAD OF ON THE ISLAND!



WILLIAMSON



A MOMENT LATER---



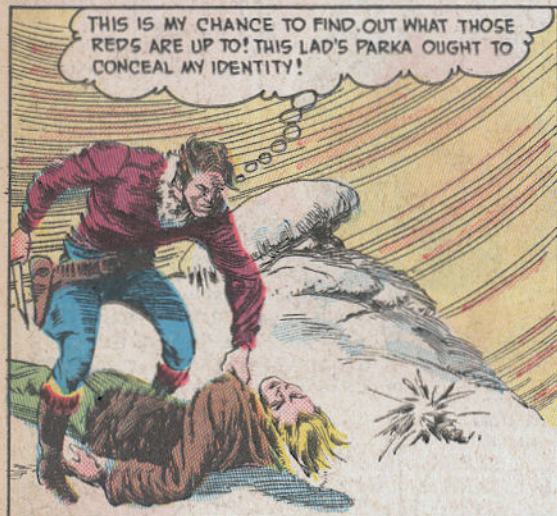
HE'S GOING TO FIRE A BURST AT
ME OVER HIS SHOULDER--- I'D
BETTER DISPOSE OF **THIS**
BEAR IN A HURRY!



I HAD TO DO IT---
**IT WAS YOU
OR ME!**



THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT THOSE
REDS ARE UP TO! THIS LAD'S PARKA OUGHT TO
CONCEAL MY IDENTITY!



AFTER A QUICK CHANGE---

HE WAS WEARING A COM-
MUNIST MILITARY UNIFORM
UNDER HIS PARKA! I'LL JUST
DRAG HIM INTO THE BUSHES---
AND THEN CALL OUT IN RUSSIAN
TO HIS COMRADES!

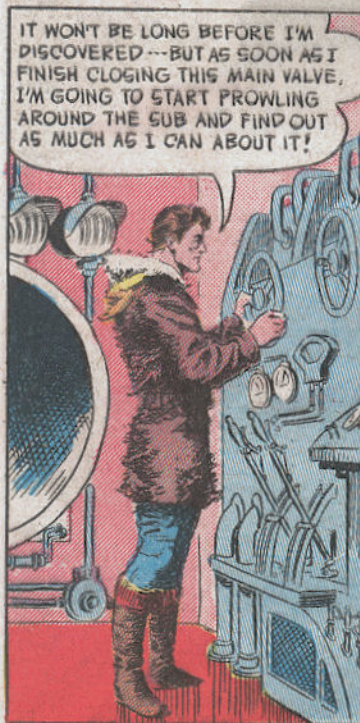
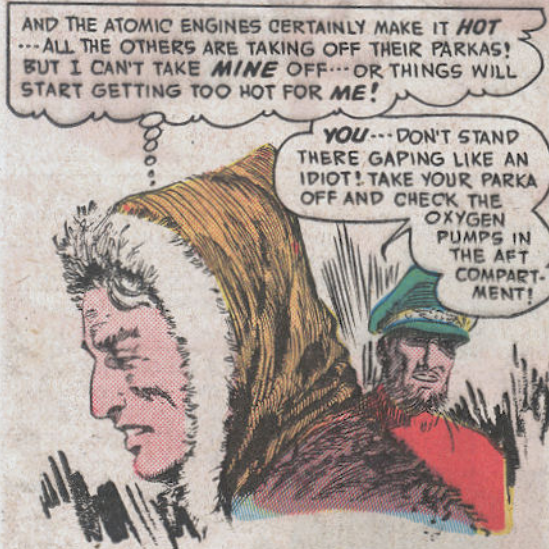
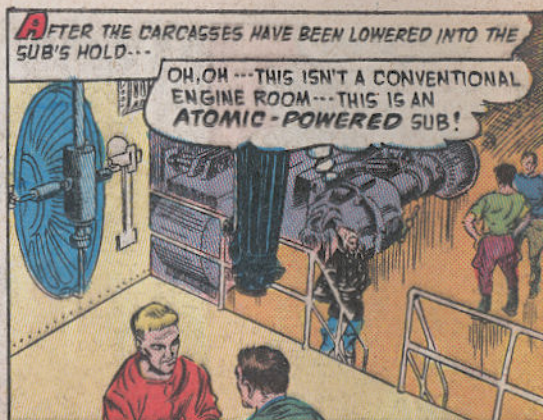
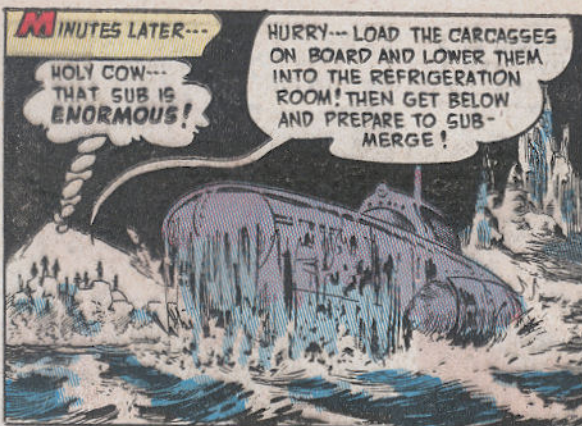


COME ON--- **PULL, SERGEI!** THE OTHERS
HAVE ALREADY REACHED THE GATHERING
PLACE WITH THEIR BEARS!



AH, YOU ARE ALL BACK---AND YOU GOT A GOOD HAUL
THIS TIME! A FEW OF YOU GO BACK AND ERASE ALL
TRACES OF OUR PRESENCE HERE! MEANWHILE,
SINCE THE FOG IS STILL THICK ENOUGH TO KEEP
ANY U.S. PATROL PLANES OUT OF THE AREA,
I CAN RADIO OUR SUBMARINE TO
SURFACE IN THE INLET!





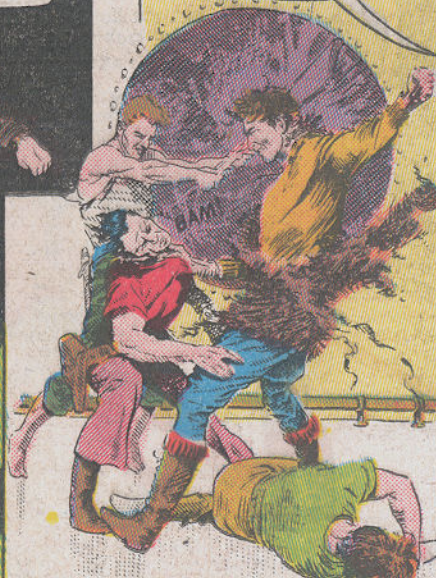
THEN-- A SUDDEN ONRUSH--



WHEN KEN SATTERLEE IS DOWN, COMRADE, IT STILL DOESN'T MEAN HE'S OUT!

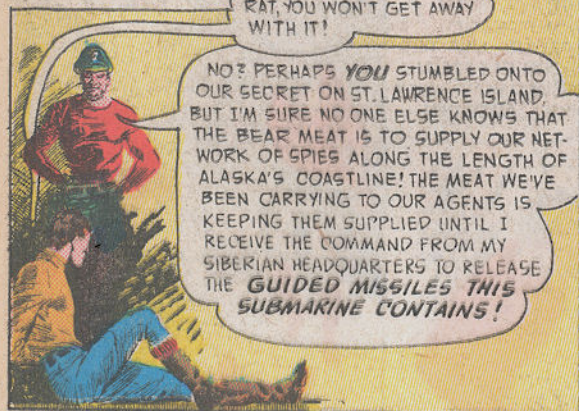


WELL DONE --- NOW TIE HIM UP AND THROW HIM TO THE FLOOR!



MINUTES LATER--

WHATEVER YOU'RE UP TO, RAT, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



NO? PERHAPS **YOU** STUMBLED ONTO OUR SECRET ON ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, BUT I'M SURE NO ONE ELSE KNOWS THAT THE BEAR MEAT IS TO SUPPLY OUR NETWORK OF SPIES ALONG THE LENGTH OF ALASKA'S COASTLINE! THE MEAT WE'VE BEEN CARRYING TO OUR AGENTS IS KEEPING THEM SUPPLIED UNTIL I RECEIVE THE COMMAND FROM MY SIBERIAN HEADQUARTERS TO RELEASE THE **GUIDED MISSILES THIS SUBMARINE CONTAINS!**

BALONEY! YOU COMMUNISTS AREN'T SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE A NETWORK OF SPIES ALONG THE ALASKAN SHORE!

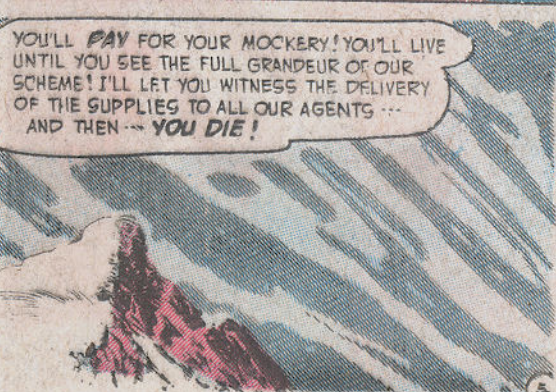


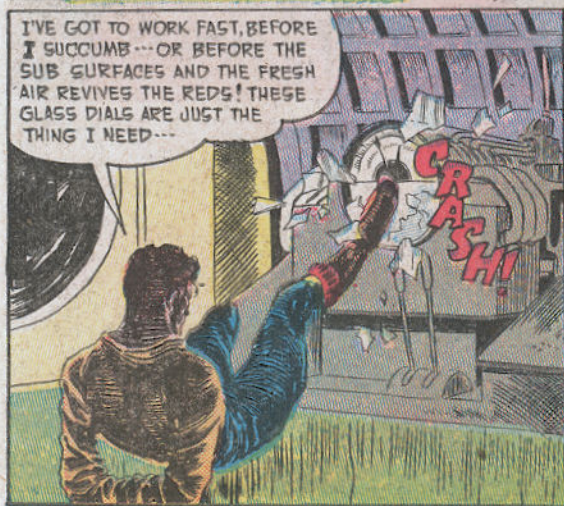
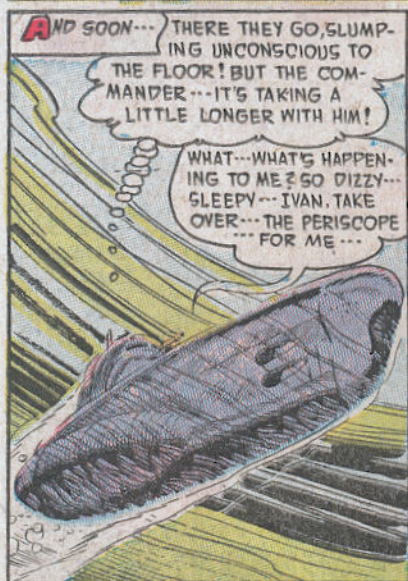
THEY'LL BE DIRECTED BY MAGNETIC-RADIO CONTROLS IN THE HANDS OF ALL OUR SPIES ON SHORE--AND WILL **SHATTER ALL AMERICAN AIRBASES AND INSTALLATIONS!** THEN WE CAN EITHER USE ALASKA AS A BASE FOR ATOMIC ATTACKS ON THE UNITED STATES --OR A LAND ASSAULT THAT WILL CONQUER UNDEFENDED CANADA AND ALL OF AMERICA!

IT MAY WORK--UNLESS **MY** PLAN WORKS! AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO KEEP HIM FROM KILLING ME OFF TOO SOON--



YOU'LL **PAY** FOR YOUR MOCKERY! YOU'LL LIVE UNTIL YOU SEE THE FULL GRANDEUR OF OUR SCHEME! I'LL LET YOU WITNESS THE DELIVERY OF THE SUPPLIES TO ALL OUR AGENTS -- AND THEN -- **YOU DIE!**





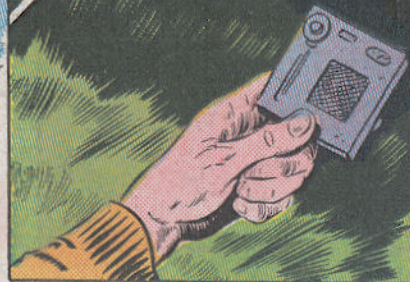
THE INSTRUMENTS SHOW THAT THE SUB'S SURFACED---AND NOW I---I'D BETTER GET SOME FRESH AIR---GETTING THE BLIND STAGGERS---



BOY, DOES THAT AIR SMELL GOOD! ---I'LL SHUT THIS HATCH SO THE MEN BELOW DON'T GET ANY OF IT AND REVIVE!



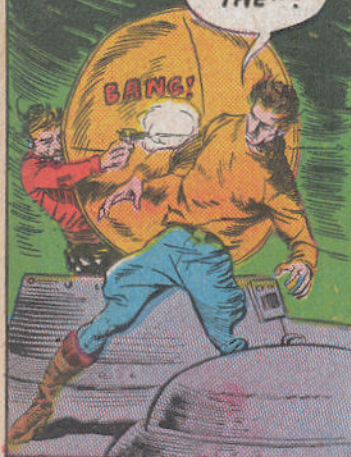
NOW I'LL SET THIS POCKET RADIO TRANSMITTER I HAD INSIDE MY SHIRT ON THE NAVY PATROL PLANE'S WAVE-LENGTH---AND THE STEADY SIGNAL IT SENDS OUT WILL GUIDE THE PLANE RIGHT TO THIS SPOT IN THE BERING SEA! THE FOG'S BEGINNING TO LIFT, SO THE PLANE WILL BE ABLE TO SPOT US EASILY!



SUDDENLY...

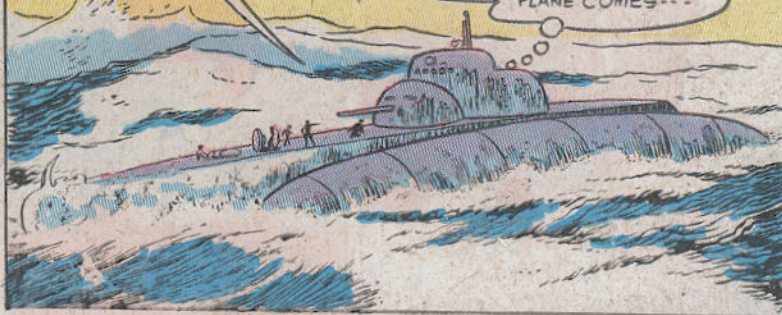
WHAT THE---!

BANG!



YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE, AMERICAN! YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE MISSILE TUBES AUTOMATICALLY OPEN WHEN THE SUB SURFACES AND THAT THE TUBES SERVE AS AIR INTAKES TO PREVENT A DRAIN ON THE OXYGEN SUPPLY! THE AIR REVIVED US!---SHOOT HIM DOWN, COMRADES!

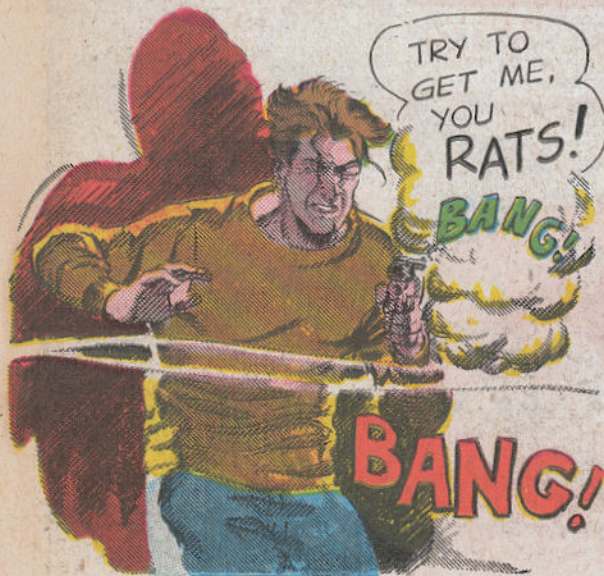
MY POCKET RADIO SLID ACROSS THE DECK---THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE IT! BUT IT'LL STILL KEEP SENDING THAT SIGNAL---SO IF I CAN ONLY HOLD OUT TILL THE PLANE COMES---



TRY TO GET ME, YOU RATS!

BANG!

BANG!

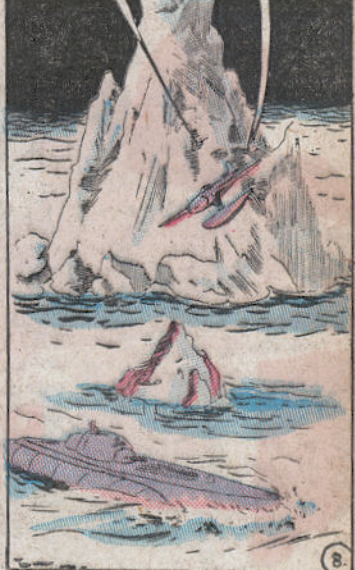
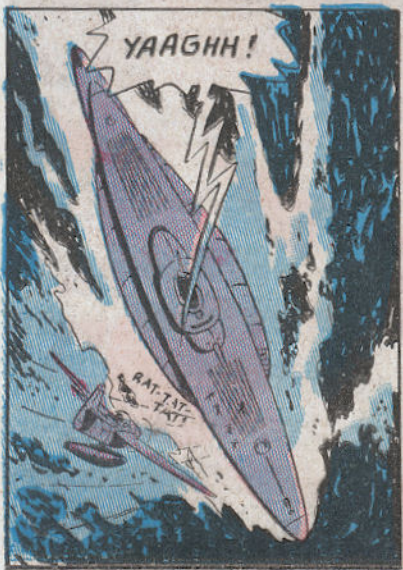
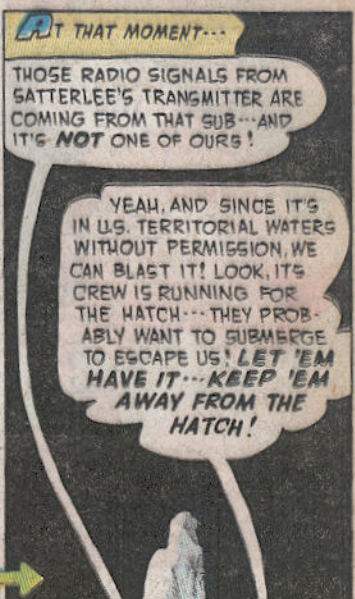
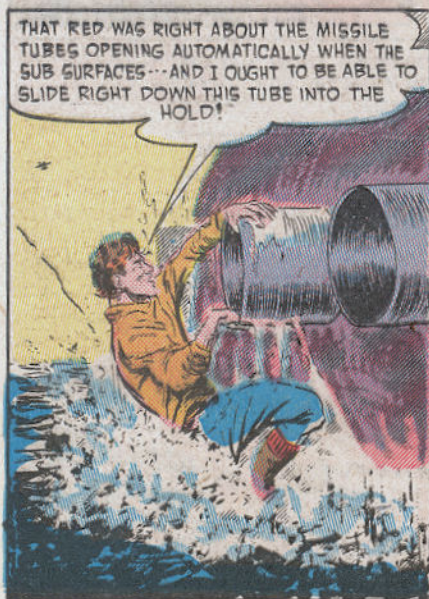


FOOLS---HE FIRED SIX TIMES ---HE'S OUT OF AMMUNITION! NOW YOU CAN KILL HIM!





AS KEN MEETS THE
WILD RUSH--



AFTER A SUICIDAL RUSH---

AT LEAST *SOME* OF US GOT THROUGH
---ENOUGH TO MAN THE SHIP AND SUBMERGE!
WE'LL PAY THE YANKEES BACK WHEN WE
RELEASE OUR ATOMIC MISSILES ON
THEM!

YOU'RE
WRONG,
RAT---
THE PAYOFF
IS *NOW*!



LATER--- WOW--- THIS PAPER YOU TOOK FROM THE
RED COMMANDER'S BODY LISTS THE SECRET
LOCATIONS OF ALL THE COMMUNIST SPY BASES
ALONG THE ALASKAN COAST! ROUNDING UP THOSE
RATS WILL BE A *CINCH* NOW!

YES, AND THE COMMANDER'S PAPERS
ALSO GAVE ME THE RADIO FREQUENCY
OF THE SUB'S HOME BASE IN SIBERIA
---AND I THINK I KNOW JUST HOW TO
STOP THE REDS FROM BUILDING
ATOMIC SUBS OF THIS TYPE! I'LL
SEND 'EM A FAKE MESSAGE---

IN THE SIBERIAN SUBMARINE BASE AT PETROPAVLOVSK---

DA---THE SUBMARINE'S ATOMIC
ENGINE WASN'T DESIGNED CORRECTLY!
IT GETS HOTTER AFTER A CERTAIN
PERIOD OF USAGE---IT IS GETTING
HOTTER BY THE SECOND---IT IS
REACHING THE POINT OF
EXPLOSION---



WHILE IN THE BERING SEA---

WELL, THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSION WE ARRANGED
TAKES CARE OF *THAT* SUB! WE DIDN'T
NEED ANY INFORMATION OUT OF IT, BE-
CAUSE AMERICAN ATOMIC SUBMARINES
ARE ALREADY FAR ADVANCED IN
PRODUCTION!

**LATER, IN THE SECRET PLOTTING ROOMS OF THE
WALLED CITY ON THE BANKS OF THE MOSKVA RIVER---**

DA, GENERALISSIMO---AFTER OUR SIBERIAN HEAD-
QUARTERS RECEIVED THE RADIO REPORT FROM THE
COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE, OUR RADIATION
INSTRUMENTS DETECTED AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION
FROM THE BERING SEA! THAT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY
THE SUBMARINE HAS NOT
BEEN HEARD FROM
SINCE!

BAH---THEN IF THE DESIGN
OF THE ATOMIC SUBMARINE
WAS FAULTY, WE HAD BETTER
ABANDON THE ENTIRE ATOMIC
SUBMARINE PROGRAM---AND
ALSO *FORGET ABOUT OUR
PLOT AGAINST ALASKA!*



THE
END

SPY in SIGHT

THE WOUND IN Ted Loughran's leg throbbed agonizingly again, but Ted grimly gritted his teeth against the pain and went on rubbing his pocket nail-file against the rear sight of his rifle. The night was moonless, coal black, above the Quinn Canyon Mountains of Nevada, and Ted couldn't even see the rifle he was working on...so he could only pray that he was filing the sights down just the right amount and no more.

A coyote's howl sounded from far off, and Ted paused, straining his ears to find out whether the spy cornered in the dead-end canyon ahead of him was trying to move closer under cover of the coyote's baying. But there was no other sound. Ted grinned thinly to himself. The spy evidently realized he couldn't hope to get past the narrow, three-foot-wide canyon entrance with an armed pursuer lying there in wait for him. So he too was waiting for the first light of dawn...just as Ted was.

The pursuit had first started many hours ago, before sunset of the previous day. Ted had been on horseback patrol at the far northern end of the vast Los Alamos Military Reservation when his walkie-talkie had suddenly crackled with the alarming information that a spy had somehow managed to steal some vitally important papers regarding atomic weapons from one of the laboratories...and was believed to be heading into the northern canyons.

Ted knew instantly why the spy had chosen that route for his escape. The Quinn Canyon Mountains were unusually rugged even for the west, so that there could not possibly be any automobile pursuit. And with thick, low clouds hanging over the jagged peaks, the spy also didn't have to be afraid of spotter planes locating him. All he had to worry about was the thin cordon of guards who patrolled the northern boundaries of the reservation.

Then, just before sunset, Ted had spotted a rider galloping northward. Ted

couldn't be sure, of course, whether that was the spy or merely a local rancher who had unwittingly ridden into the reservation and was riding away now that he had realized he was in a forbidden area. So, instead of shooting first and asking questions afterwards, Ted had galloped off in pursuit, shouting a command to halt.

But as the man's first shot hit Ted's horse, Ted knew it was the spy. And as the spy's second shot hit Ted's leg, Ted knew the spy was an expert rifleman. But he'd grinned as he saw the spy ride into the dead-end canyon...and dragging himself painfully along, Ted had crawled to the narrow canyon entrance to await the spy's eventual return.

Darkness had fallen by the time Ted heard the spy cautiously heading back toward the entrance. Ted had fired once in the direction of the sounds...but knew he had missed as he heard the bullet ricochet off the rocks. From then on, there had been absolute silence from the two men...except for the faint, almost inaudible rasping of Ted's file against his rifle sight.

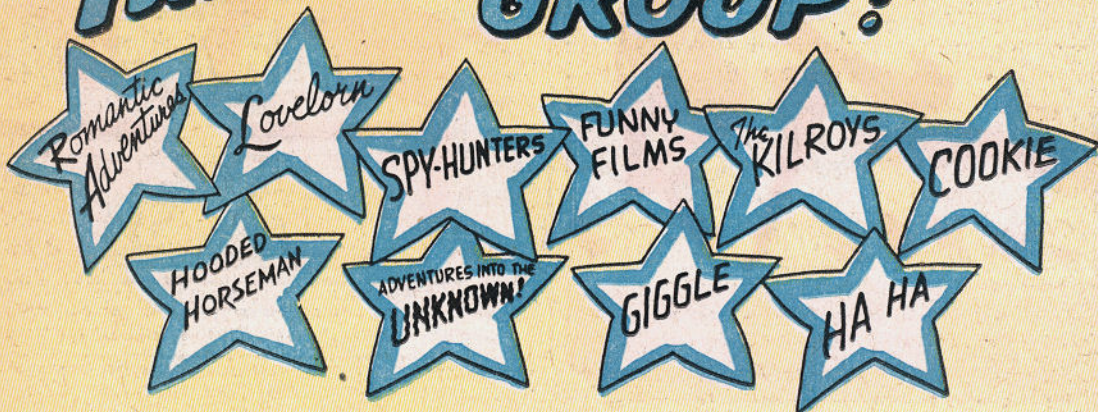
Both were playing the waiting game, waiting for the first faint light of dawn. And Ted knew that the man who saw to shoot first would be the man who would come out alive...and that no man could shoot with absolute accuracy in darkness unless he could see the rear sights of his rifle.

When Ted's fingers finally told him the rear sight was filed down just enough, he put the rifle to his shoulder and waited. Slowly, in imperceptible stages, the blackness faded. Ted could vaguely make out the spy's bulk against the rocks a hundred yards away...and sighting carefully, he fired. There was a cry of agony...and Ted knew that filing a 45-degree little flat on the rear corner of his sight had paid off...for the little mirror thus formed had picked up enough sky light to enable him to see his rear sight before the spy had been able to see his own.

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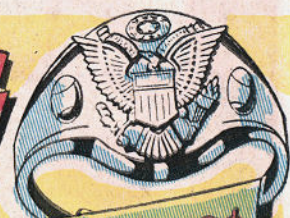
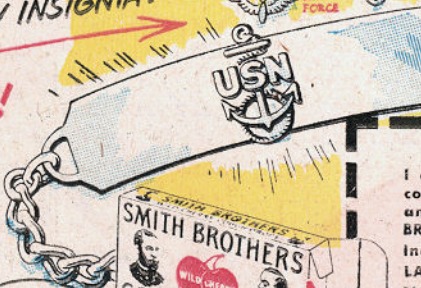
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DROPS, TOO!



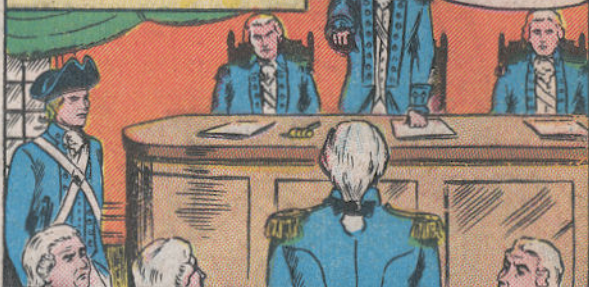
BENEDICT ARNOLD • the TRAITOROUS SPY

GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD ACHIEVED GREAT RENOWN DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR FOR HIS HEROISM AND BRILLIANT STRATEGY IN THE BATTLES OF QUEBEC, FORT SCHUYLER, AND BEMIS HEIGHTS...



... BUT HE WAS ALSO A MAN WHO WOULD DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR MONEY! IN HIS YOUTH, HE HAD BEEN A SMUGGLER IN THE WEST INDIES... AND IN 1776...

GENERAL ARNOLD, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH HAVING MISAPPROPRIATED \$55,000 DURING THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN!



BECAUSE OF LACK OF EVIDENCE, HE WAS ONLY REPRIMANDED! IN PHILADELPHIA, HE MARRIED PEGGY SHIPPEN, WHO WAS TO PUT HIM INTO TOUCH WITH TORY SECRET AGENTS...

DARLING... I HEAR THAT THE BRITISH PAY THEIR SPIES FABULOUS AMOUNTS OF MONEY-- AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS ISN'T PAYING YOU AS MUCH AS YOU'RE WORTH!

HMM... GET ME IN TOUCH WITH ONE OF THOSE SPIES!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, ARNOLD MET JOSEPH STANSBURY-- PROPRIETOR OF A CHINA SHOP-- AND A SECRET BRITISH SPY...

I WISH TO CONTACT GEN. SIR HENRY CLINTON'S HEADQUARTERS-- TO WORK OUT ARRANGEMENTS WHEREBY I CAN SELL HIM AMERICAN SECRETS!

HERE IS A COPY OF BLACK-STONES COMMENTARIES! YOU CAN SEND MESSAGES TO MAJOR ANDRE THROUGH OUR COURIER NET BY USING THIS BOOK IN THE PAGE, LINE, AND WORD-ORDER CODE!



USING THAT AND OTHER CODES, THE PLOTTERS SOON BEGAN A CONSTANT EXCHANGE OF LETTERS...

SIR HENRY, ARNOLD WANTS £10000 IN ENGLISH MONEY FOR BETRAYING AMERICA-- TO BE PAID WHETHER THE PLOT SUCCEEDS OR NOT!

HE'S OF NO USE TO US IN PHILADELPHIA! WRITE HIM TO GET AN ACTIVE ARMY COMMAND-- WHERE HE CAN PURPOSELY LOSE A BATTLE TO US!



VERY GOOD, SIR HENRY! I'LL WRITE HIM THAT IF HE SURRENDERS AN ARMY TO US, WE'LL PAY HIM TWO GUINEAS A HEAD FOR ALL SOLDIERS UP TO 5,000 -- NOT IN ADVANCE, HOWEVER! THAT'LL WHET HIS APPETITE!



BUT WHEN BENEDICT ARNOLD RECEIVED MAJOR ANDRE'S MESSAGE...

IT'S A TRICK! IF I LOSE A BATTLE TO THE BRITISH, THEY COULD CLAIM THEY WON DUE TO THEIR SUPERIOR VALOR AND SKILL--AND I MIGHT NEVER GET PAID OFF! BUT IF I TURN OVER A FORTRESS TO THEM, WITHOUT THEIR LOSING A SINGLE MAN-- THEY'LL KNOW IT'S ALL MY DOING! AND I KNOW JUST THE FORTRESS THE BRITISH WOULD WANT-- WEST POINT!

IN MARCH OF 1780, ARNOLD REQUESTED TO BE PLACED IN COMMAND OF WEST POINT...

HMM, ONLY 3 ROUNDS PER CANNON-- AND THE FORTIFICATIONS ARE IN DIS-REPAIR! THAT'S ALL TO THE GOOD-- BUT THE FORT IS GARRISONED BY ONLY 1,500 MEN-- WHICH MEANS I'D COLLECT ONLY \$3,150! I'LL HAVE TO ENLARGE THE GARRISON!

BUT GEN. WASHINGTON OFFERED ARNOLD COMMAND OF THE LEFT WING OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY...

ON AUGUST 3RD, ARNOLD RECEIVED COMMAND OF WEST POINT-- AND THE BRITISH NOW OFFERED £20,000 FOR 3,000 MEN...

BUT, SIR-- I BEG OF YOU-- LET ME HAVE COMMAND OF THE FORTRESS AT WEST POINT UNTIL MY WOUNDS HEAL!

VERY WELL, IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO, IN VIEW OF YOUR LONG AND VALOROUS SERVICE!

ARNOLD SAYS THERE ARE NOW 3,086 MEN AT WEST POINT!

GOOD! ANDRE, YOU WILL SAIL UP THE HUDSON AND ARRANGE TO MEET WITH ARNOLD-- AND LAY THE PLANS FOR HIS SURRENDER OF THE FORTRESS TO US!

AT A MIDNIGHT RENDEZVOUS BETWEEN ARNOLD AND ANDRE...

HERE IS A DETAILED MAP OF WEST POINT, ANDRE! IT INCLUDES TROOP DISPOSITIONS AND ALL DEFENSES!

BUT AT DAWN, ONE OF ARNOLD'S SUBORDINATES ACTED WITHOUT ORDERS FROM HIS COMMANDER-- AND ORDERED A HEAVY CANNONADE ON THE BRITISH SHIP, THE VULTURE!

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR MAJOR ANDRE! RAISE ANCHOR AND DRIFT DOWN-RIVER TO SAFETY!

BOOM! BOOM!

CRASH!

ARNOLD HASTILY PROVIDED ANDRE WITH CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND FALSE PAPERS MADE OUT IN THE NAME OF "JOHN ANDERSON"...

ARE YOU SURE THESE PAPERS WILL GET ME SAFELY PAST ANY AMERICAN TROOPS ON MY WAY BACK TO NEW YORK?

YES, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BEWARE OF THE GUERRILLA-PATRIOTS KNOWN AS THE SKINNERS! IF THEY HOLD YOU UP, MAKE SURE YOU DESTROY THOSE WEST POINT PLANS!



BUT THE SKINNERS AMBUSHED ANDRE BEFORE HE COULD DESTROY THE PLANS...

HE'S GOT PLANS FOR WEST POINT ON 'IM! SEND A MESSENGER TO WEST POINT AN' TELL 'EM WE CAUGHT A SPY BY THE NAME OF JOHN ANDERSON!



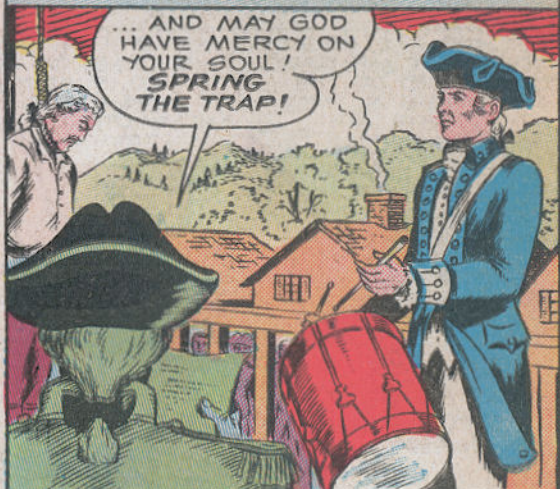
WHEN ARNOLD HEARD THE NEWS...

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY FIND OUT I'M THE ONE WHO GAVE ANDRE THOSE DOCUMENTS! I'VE GOT TO FLEE! BUT YOU'D BETTER STAY, PEGGY, AND TRY TO CONVINCE THE AMERICAN COMMAND OF YOUR INNOCENCE IN THE WHOLE PLOT!



ARNOLD ESCAPED-- BUT ANDRE WAS HANGED AS A SPY!

... AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL! SPRING THE TRAP!

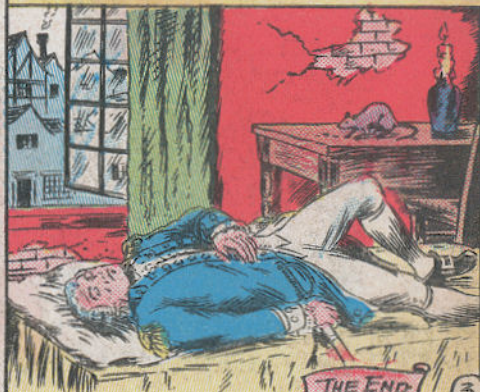


IN PAYMENT FOR PEGGY ARNOLD'S SERVICES TO THE TORY CAUSE, THE KING AWARDED HER AN ANNUAL PENSION OF \$15,000-- WHILE HER TRAITOROUS HUSBAND RECEIVED RIGHTS TO VAST TRACTS OF LAND IN CANADA, £6,000 IN CASH-- AND A COMMISSION IN THE BRITISH ARMY!

BENEDICT ARNOLD, IN VIEW OF YOUR SERVICES TO THE BRITISH CROWN, I HEREBY APPOINT YOU AS A MAJOR GENERAL OF THE BRITISH ARMY!

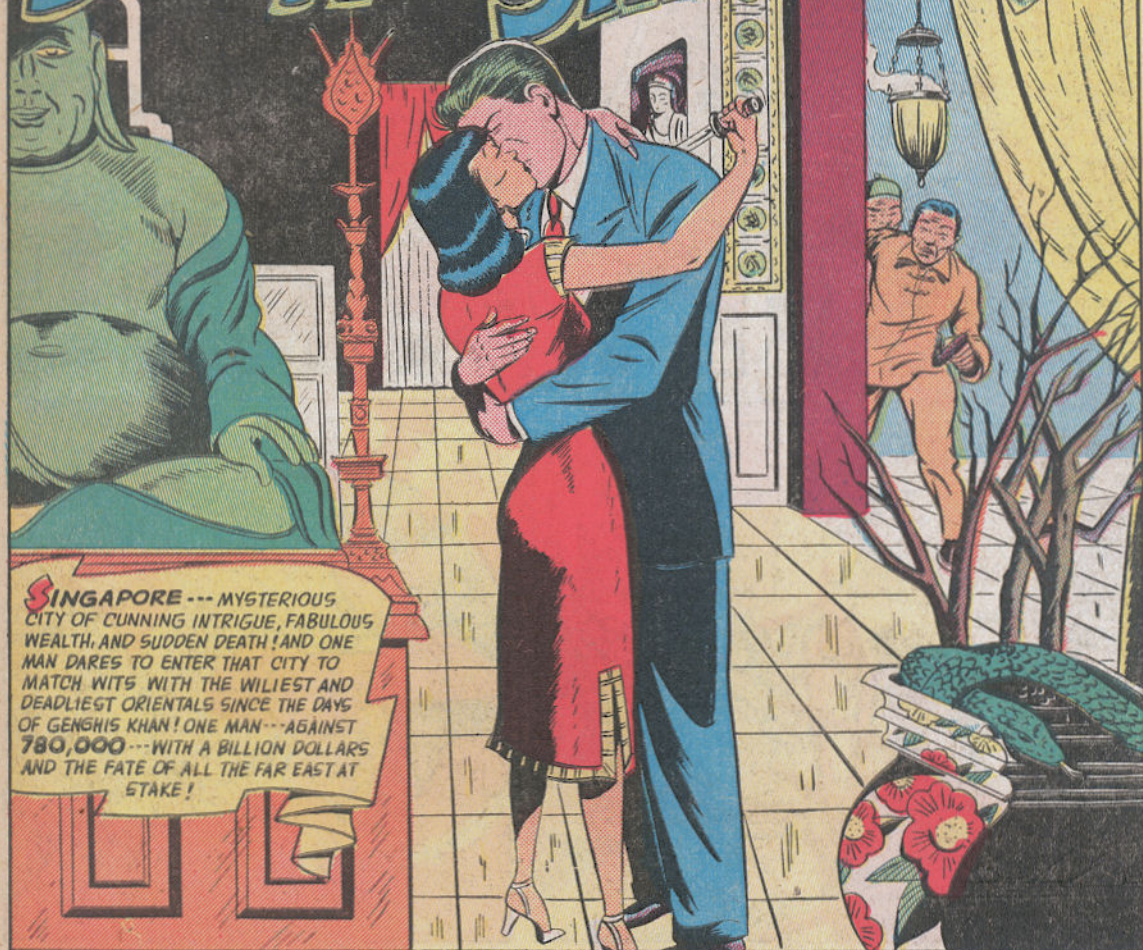


BUT TRAITORS ARE DESPISED AND DISTRUSTED EVERYWHERE-- AND ALTHOUGH ARNOLD TRIED TO SETTLE DOWN IN LONDON AFTER THE WAR-- HE DIED FRIENDLESS AND POVERTY-STRICKEN IN 1801-- HAVING ASKED TO BE BURIED IN THE UNIFORM HE BETRAYED!



THE END 3

Struggle in SINGAPORE



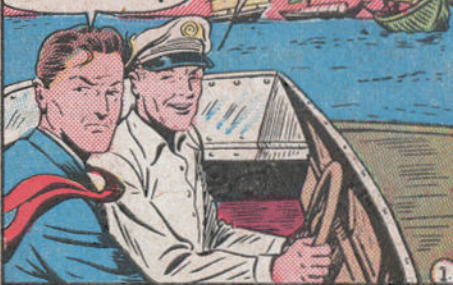
SINGAPORE --- MYSTERIOUS CITY OF CUNNING INTRIGUE, FABULOUS WEALTH, AND SUDDEN DEATH! AND ONE MAN DARES TO ENTER THAT CITY TO MATCH WITS WITH THE WILDEST AND DEADLIEST ORIENTALS SINCE THE DAYS OF GENGHIS KHAN! ONE MAN... AGAINST 780,000... WITH A BILLION DOLLARS AND THE FATE OF ALL THE FAR EAST AT STAKE!

YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- ALL PASSENGERS ARE TO WAIT ON BOARD SHIP FOR SCREENING BY BRITISH COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE BEFORE LANDING IN SINGAPORE --- ALL EXCEPT MR. ARTHUR CONWAY OF WASHINGTON, D.C., WHO WILL BE TAKEN ASHORE IN THE HARBOR PILOT LAUNCH!



THAT SHIP'S LOUDSPEAKER CERTAINLY BOOMED YOUR NAME ALL OVER SINGAPORE HARBOR, MR. CONWAY! I...

BETTER PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR WHEEL, PILOT! THOSE CHINESE JUNKS AND SAMPANS ARE TIGHTENING IN A CIRCLE AROUND US! THEY SEEM TO BE CLOSING IN... **FOR A PURPOSE!**





THERE IS THE AMERICAN...
SLAY HIM!

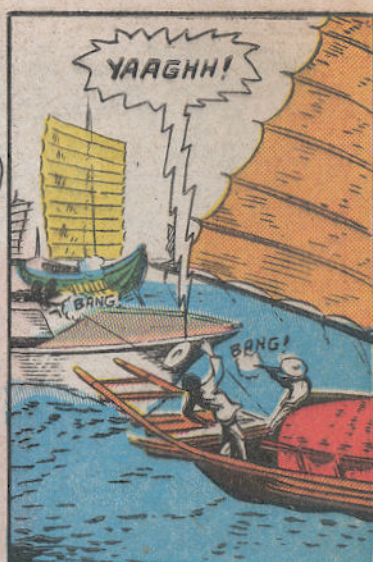
DUCK DOWN,
PILOT...
QUICK!



BY GEORGE, CONWAY, NOW I UNDER-
STAND WHY I WAS ORDERED TO
TAKE YOU TO GHORE IN AN
ARMOR-PLATED LAUNCH!

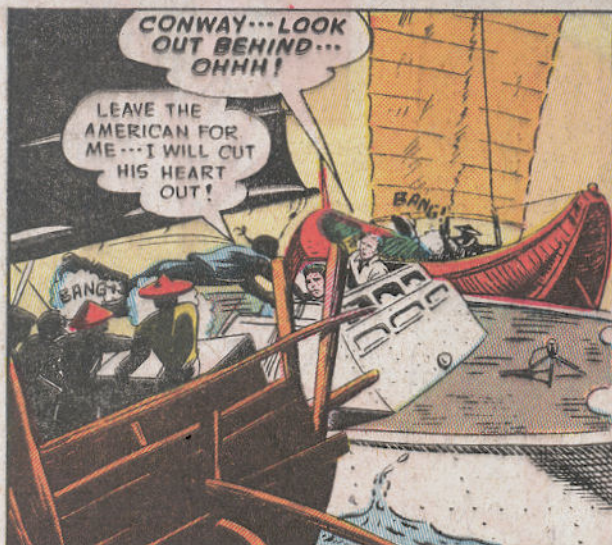
YEAH, BUT THOSE
CHINESE DON'T HAVE
ARMOR-PLATED HIDES
--AS THEY'LL
SOON FIND OUT!

BANG!
BANG!



YAAGHH!

BANG!



CONWAY...LOOK
OUT BEHIND...
OHhh!

LEAVE THE
AMERICAN FOR
ME...I WILL CUT
HIS HEART
OUT!

BANG!



MIND IF I CHANGE
YOUR MIND, RAT Z

CRACK!



YOU'VE ENTERED YOUR LAST HARBOR, PAL...
NOW LET **ME** TAKE OVER AND TRY TO AVENGE
YOUR DEATH! ALL I HOPE IS THAT THIS TURNS
OUT TO BE THE SPECIAL HIGH-POWERED LAUNCH
I ASKED FOR...AND I'LL FIND THAT OUT WHEN I
GIVE 'ER THE GUN!

**STOP
HIM...
DON'T
LET HIM
GET
AWAY!**



SEN A SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED...

HA...THIS SUPER-CHARGED
ENGINE AND ARMOR-PLATED
SIDES MAKE A PERFECT
BATTERING-RAM!

BLAM!

I GUESS I PUT ON QUITE A SHOW FOR THAT CROWD LINING THE DOCKS! BUT MOST OF THEM SEEM TO BE CHINESE, AND THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T LIKE WHAT I DID TO THEIR COUNTRYMEN OUT IN THE BAY... SO I'D BETTER BE READY FOR **TROUBLE!**



MR. CONWAY, I PRESUME? I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ESCORT YOU FROM THE DOCK TO BRITISH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE HEADQUARTERS!

THANKS---FROM THE LOOKS OF THAT SULLEN, ANGRY CROWD, I'M GOING TO **NEED AN ESCORT!**

STAND BACK THERE... GIVE WAY!



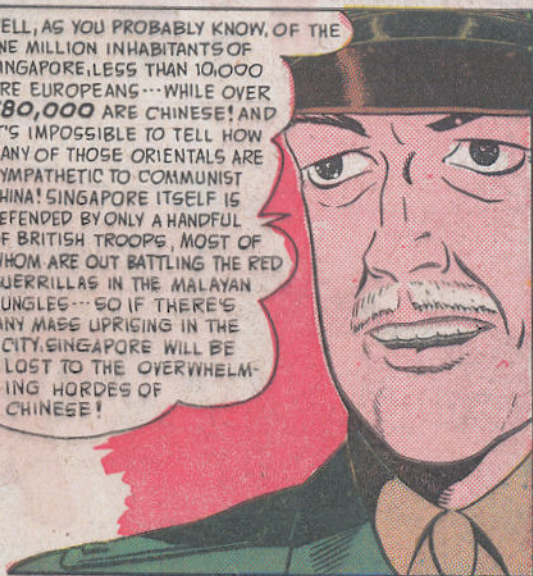
I'M RELIEVED TO SEE YOU, CONWAY---I WAS RATHER WORRIED ABOUT YOU! I FOLLOWED YOUR CABLED INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT THE ARMORED LAUNCH, AND ALSO ABOUT LETTING INFORMATION LEAK OUT THAT THE ACE U.S. COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVE IN THE FAR EAST WAS COMING HERE ABOARD THAT LINER! BUT I MUST CONFESS I DON'T SEE WHY YOU WANTED TO RISK YOUR LIFE BY ADVERTISING YOUR ARRIVAL THAT WAY!

IT **PAYS** TO ADVERTISE SOME TIMES, COLONEL---AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT FAST RESULTS IT BRINGS! BUT NOW--TELL ME---WHAT'S THE SITUATION HERE IN SINGAPORE?

SINGAPORE HEADQUARTERS
BRITISH MILITARY INTELLIGENCE



WELL, AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, OF THE ONE MILLION INHABITANTS OF SINGAPORE, LESS THAN 10,000 ARE EUROPEANS---WHILE OVER **780,000** ARE CHINESE! AND IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL HOW MANY OF THOSE ORIENTALS ARE SYMPATHETIC TO COMMUNIST CHINA! SINGAPORE ITSELF IS DEFENDED BY ONLY A HANDFUL OF BRITISH TROOPS, MOST OF WHOM ARE OUT BATTLING THE RED GUERRILLAS IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLES---SO IF THERE'S ANY MASS UPRISING IN THE CITY, SINGAPORE WILL BE LOST TO THE OVERWHELMING HORDES OF CHINESE!



AND OUR SECRET INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES HAVE BEEN HEARING VAGUE RUMORS OF AN IMPENDING MASS UPRISING, BUT WE COULDN'T GET ANY DETAILS OF THE PLOT---SO WE DECIDED TO ASK WASHINGTON TO SEND THEIR BEST FAR EASTERN COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT HERE TO SEE WHAT **HE** COULD DO!

HMM. 780,000 CHINESE **COULD** BE TROUBLESOME! BUT PERHAPS THE REASON YOU FAILED TO LEARN ANY DETAILS ABOUT THE PLOT, COLONEL, IS THAT BRITISH AGENTS ARE **TOO** SECRETIVE! IF YOU MAKE YOUR ENEMIES COME TO **YOU**, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO **LOOKING FOR THEM!**



THAT WAS WHY I WANTED TO ADVERTISE MY ARRIVAL! I FIGURED THAT IF I WERE BALLYHOOD AS AN ACE U.S. INTELLIGENCE AGENT, IT WOULD MAKE THE ENEMY WANT TO GET RID OF ME JUST TO PLAY SAFE---AND THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY TRIED TO DO BACK IN THE HARBOR! I KNEW THEY'D SEND THEIR FLUNKIES AFTER ME AT FIRST, BUT NOW THAT THEY KNOW MY PROWESS WITH A GUN, THE

NEXT ATTACK WILL BE A CLEVERER ONE---BY THE **HIGHER-UPS** IN THE PLOT! AND SINCE MANY CHINESE KNOW MY FACE BY NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WANDER AROUND IN THE PUBLIC BAZAARS IN RAFFLES SQUARE---AND USE MYSELF AS **BAIT** FOR THE REDS!





SINCE ALMOST EVERYONE HAS RELATIVES STILL IN CHINA, THEY'RE AFRAID TO DISOBEY THE REDS! I DARED TO MAKE SPEECHES DE-
FENDING THE COMMUNISTS...AND THAT WAS WHY THOSE RED AGENTS
WERE CHASING ME! BUT **YOU**, MY HANDSOME ONE, SAVED ME...
AND HERE IS YOUR REWARD...



MMM...
BABY!

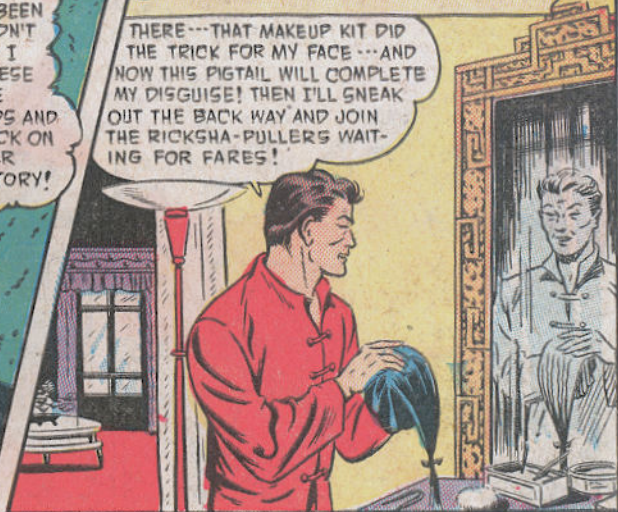
GOODBYE...
UNTIL WE
MEET
AGAIN!



WOW, WHAT A KISS...WE'D **BETTER**
MEET AGAIN! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN
ON THE LEVEL, BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T
LEAD ME INTO ANY TRAP...BUT I
THINK I'LL USE ONE OF MY CHINESE
DISGUISES TO MINGLE WITH THE
CROWDS AND
CHECK ON
HER
STORY!

IN AGENT ARTHUR CONWAY'S HOTEL SUITE...

THERE...THAT MAKEUP KIT DID
THE TRICK FOR MY FACE...AND
NOW THIS PIGTAIL WILL COMPLETE
MY DISGUISE! THEN I'LL SNEAK
OUT THE BACK WAY AND JOIN
THE RICKSHA-PULLERS WAIT-
ING FOR FARES!



AH, HERE'S A
LIKELY-LOOKING
GROUP TO GET
INFORMATION
FROM...



WHAT DEVILISH CITY IS THIS SINGAPORE, MY
COUNTRYMEN? I FLED FROM CHINA TO ESCAPE
THE TYRANNY OF THE COMMUNISTS...BUT
ALREADY THEY HAVE FOUND ME HERE AND HAVE
THREATENED TO KILL MY PARENTS IN CANTON
UNLESS I FOLLOW THEIR ORDERS IN THE
NEW YEAR'S DAY PARADE!

SHH...LOWER YOUR VOICE!
WE DON'T LIKE THE REDS
EITHER, BUT THERE ARE TOO
MANY OF THEIR AGENTS
AROUND...**WE DARE
NOT DEFY THEM!**

AI, ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE NO KINSMEN IN
CHINA CAN AFFORD TO STAY AWAY
FROM THE PARADE...BUT THERE
ARE FEW OF THOSE! AND SINCE
THERE ARE SO MANY
OF THE RED SPIES AND
INFORMERS, THEY
KNOW EVERYTHING
ABOUT ALMOST
ALL OF US!

MMM, IF THE
REDS KNOW
SO MUCH, THEY
MIGHT ALSO KNOW
ABOUT YO-TSIN'S
COUSIN'S HOUSE...SHE
MIGHT BE WRONG IN
THINKING SHE'S SAFE
THERE! I'D BETTER GO
BACK AND SEE IF
SHE'S OKAY!





BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PLOT FOR THE RE-
VOLT ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, COMMISSAR...
DO YOU HAVE ANY FINAL INSTRUCTIONS?

I WANT 150,000 PARADERS
LED IN FRONT OF THE BRITISH
MILITARY BARRACKS, AND
ANOTHER 150,000 IN FRONT OF
POLICE HEADQUARTERS! THEY'LL EFFECTIVELY BARRI-
CADE THE ARMED FORCES
INSIDE THOSE BUILDINGS
...AND IF THE POLICE
OR TROOPS DARE TO
FIRE ON THEM, ORDER
THE MASSES TO
TRAMPLE THEM
UNDERFOOT!

THEN, THE REST OF THE CHINESE POPULAT-
ION WILL BE LED INTO THE STREETS SUR-
ROUNDING THE GREAT BANKS! KEY BANDS
OF ARMED AGENTS WILL THEN SWARM
INTO THESE BUILDINGS, AND BREAK
INTO EVERY VAULT AND SAFE! THE
POLICE AND TROOPS WILL NOT BE
ABLE TO COME AND FIGHT US OFF
...AND WE WILL MAKE OFF WITH
PRACTICALLY EVERY DOLLAR IN
SINGAPORE!

THERE IS OVER A **BILLION**
DOLLARS IN GOLD AND
CURRENCY IN SINGAPORE...
AND THE FUNDS WILL BE
USED TO PAY FOR
COMMUNIST SABOTAGE
AND ESPIONAGE ALL
OVER THE WORLD!

I'VE HEARD
ENOUGH...NOW TO
PUT A CRIMP IN THEIR
PLANS! AH, THAT TYPE
OF INCENSE BRAZIER
SCREWS APART EASILY
...AND THAT HEAVY
IRON ROD MAKES
AN EXCELLENT
CROWBAR!



THERE...GASP!
...IT'S BEGINNING
TO MOVE!

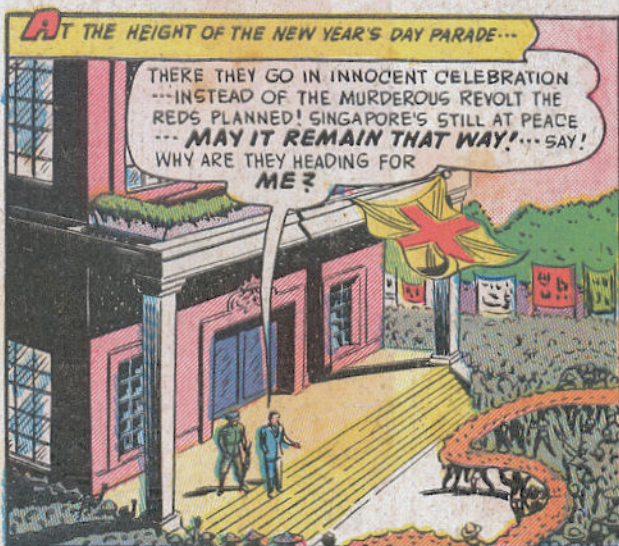
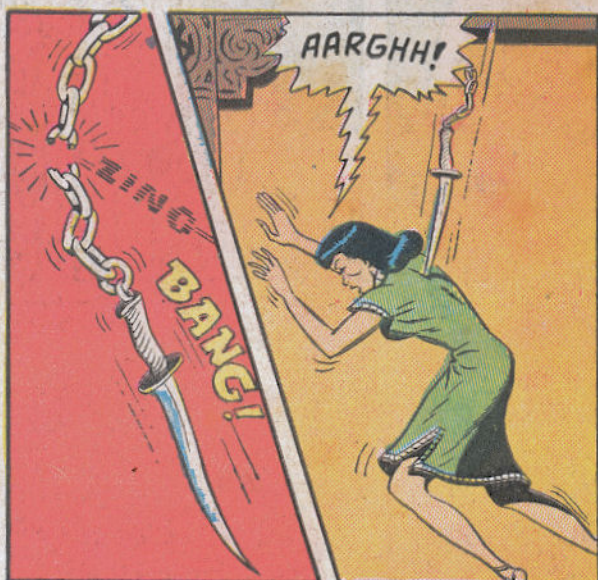
LOOK OUT
...THE IDOL
OF BUDDHA
FALLS!



OKAY! THE REST OF YOU
BETTER **SURRENDER**,
UNLESS YOU WANT FLYING
LEAD COMING YOUR WAY!

IT'S THE
AMERICAN'S
VOICE...SHOOT
HIM
DOWN!





BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's good night!"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you—are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they want to!

"He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports, of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!



FELLOWS! GIRLS!

Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ-y fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

RUSH
COUPON
NOW!

10 DAY
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage. Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!



No Squeezing
No Infection
No Injury
to Skin
Tissues!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 411
19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

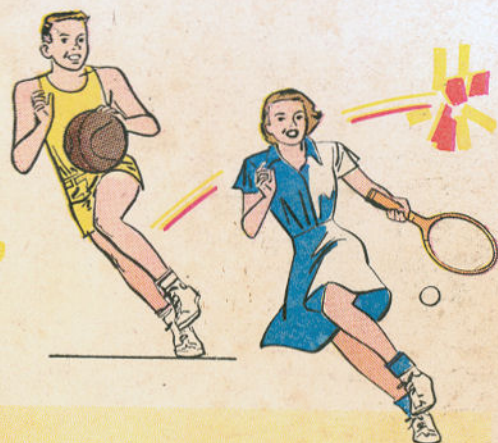
- ☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.
 - ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.
- My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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LUJACK**
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Chicago Bears



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a Champion
Sparks YOU!**

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